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OFFICE IN PETERS' BLOCK.

BY N. K. SAWYER.

ELLSWORTH, MAINE, FRIDAY, JULY 20, 1866.

VOL. XII :: NO 26.

Business Cards.

L. C. BRIGGS, & CO.,
WHOLESALE GROCERS
And Dealers in
FLOUR AND PROVISIONS;
92 COMMERCIAL ST., THOMAS BLOCK,
LYMAN C. BRIGGS,
CHAS. E. HUMPHREY,
EDWARD S. BEAN.
PORTLAND,
Maine.
ELLSWORTH,
Maine.
Ellsworth, Oct. 1st, 1862.

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ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
Office over J. W. Hill & Co
41 Main St. Ellsworth.

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wholesale and retail dealers in
HARDWARE, IRON AND STEEL
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Oyster & Eating Saloon,
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Office on State Street, over Aiken's Store,
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AIKEN BROTHERS,
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STOVES, IRON SINKS, LEAD PIPES,
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Brilliant, Pressed, Japaned and Glass Ware,
Manufactured and Imported by
TIN WARE,
State Street, Ellsworth, Me.
H. AIKEN, J. O. AIKEN, F. R. AIKEN.

J. L. MACOMBER,
manufacturer and dealer in
CARRIAGES,
ORNAMENTAL PAINTING,
Blacksmithing & Horse shoeing
promptly attended to.
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Ellsworth, Feb. 26, 1866.

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for the sale of
Wood, Bark, Spices, Railroad Ties
and other Merchandise at the corner of Endicott and Charleston streets, Boston Mass.

L. B. ULMER,
Manufacturer and dealer in
BATTERIES, FATES,
IRON AND WOODEN HOOPED BUCKETS
COOPERS' STOCK, &c.
Steam Grindmill
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Dr. L. W. HODGKINS,
ELLSWORTH, ME.
Office over J. W. Hill & Co's. Store.

Until further notice Dr. Hodgkins can be found at his office day or night, except when absent on professional calls.
Single copy, - - - - - 75 cts
Ellsworth, Dec. 1st, 1866.

Ellsworth Circulating Library.
State St., Hopkins' Block, up one flight of stairs. Open every Saturday afternoon and evening.

A. J. KENISTON,
manufacturer of and dealer in
CARRIAGES AND SLEIGHS,
FRANKLIN STREET,
ELLSWORTH, ME.
Repairing and Painting done with neatness and dispatch.
Blacksmith Work of all kinds, done by experienced workmen and at short notice.

ELLSWORTH HOUSE.
THE undersigned, having taken the above House proposes to keep a
FIRST CLASS HOTEL.
Having had some experience in the business, he hopes by strict and courteous attention and care for the comfort of his guests, to merit a share of public patronage.
STAGES leave this house for all parts of the country, daily.
ARNOLD still has charge of the stable.
GEO. H. HALE,
Ellsworth, March 27, 1866.

Dr. E. C. YOUNG,
DENTIST,
OFFICE IN
Joy & Bartlett's Block,
Main St., Ellsworth.

ARTIFICIAL TEETH inserted on Gold, Silver and Vulcanized Rubber,
Particular attention paid to Extracting Teeth.

FOR SALE.
THE subscriber keeps constantly on hand, and for sale,
Tar, Pitch, Oakum,
and a good stock of
Hemp and Manila Cordage, Mast Hoops,
Jib Hanks, Boats, Oars,
TIMBER & PLANK.
Also, Repairing of Boats and Vessels at short notice.
At the old stand.
ISAAC M. GRANT,
Ellsworth, h. 6, 1866.

W. F. SHERMAN & CO.,
BUCKPORT, ME.,
manufacturers of
ATWOOD'S PATENT
ANTI-FREEZING PUMP.
Glass Cylinders and Galvanized Rods & Boxes
These Pumps are warranted not to affect the water or get out of order with fair usage. Prices ranging from \$2 to \$20.
Agents for the Anderson Spring Bed Bottom, the Common Sense Chair and the best values Wringer in the market.

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Attorney & Counsellor at Law.
Office over Warren Brown's Store,
State Street. 21

LANE & LITTLE,
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
Foreign and Domestic Dry Goods

WOOLENS,
No. 112 MIDDLE STREET,
PORTLAND, ME.
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AUGUSTUS B. PERRY & Co.,
DEALERS IN
FLOUR & GROCERIES,
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Particular attention given to sales of Fish, Oil, and other produce.
A. B. PERRY, J. O. H. PERRY, J. G. MOSLEY,
12th

Painting,
CRAINING,
And Paper Hanging.
Shop over Henry Rollins' Harness Store. Orders from out of town promptly attended to.
ELLSWORTH DEC. 1865.

Grave Stones, Monuments,
and all other kinds of
Marble and Soap Stone Work
executed by
JOHN CRANT,
BUCKPORT, MAINE.

We intend to keep constantly on hand a large variety of Monumental work. Our facilities for obtaining Stock, and carrying on the business, is such as to enable us to sell Good Marble and Good Work, at as low a price as can be obtained anywhere; and we shall try to do so, with all who have an occasion to purchase anything in our line of business. If they will honor us with a call, Buckport, Dec. 17th, 1861.

J. S. LORD & Co.,
Commission Merchants,
No. 6, Commercial Street, Boston.

For the sale of
Lumber, Shingles, Clapboards, R. R. Ties
Wood, Bark, Piles, Staves, Bar-
rels, Hay, Potatoes, &c.
Particular attention given to the purchase and forwarding of
FLOUR, CORN, PROVISIONS, GROCERIES,
and other articles, when ordered.
J. S. LORD, G. W. BUCKMORE,
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PITCHER, FULLER & CO.,
Commission Merchants and Receivers
—OF—
FLOUR AND PRODUCE.
DEALERS IN
SHIP STORES AND CHANDLERY,
Also Agents for Briggs Mills Flour,
No. 200 Commercial Street, and
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IN ELLSWORTH.
J. T. OSGOOD
Has received the Agency of some of the best Insurance Companies in New England and New York, and solicits the patronage of the public; he will take

Fire, Marine, Life and Accident
risks at as low rates of premium as at the parent office.
Office in Granite Block, Main St.,
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GOLD! GOLD!
The subscriber has just returned from Boston with a new and splendid assortment of
Fine Gold Watches
for Ladies or Gent; nice Silver Watches; Gold Chains of various patterns; Pins, Rings, etc., etc., etc.
All of which will be sold at the lowest living rates.

Cal and see them.
Same store with A. T. Jellison.
Geo. F. DEXS,
Ellsworth, July 6th.

FOR SECURITY AND INDEMNITY,
INSURE IN THE
SPRINGFIELD
Fire and Marine Insurance Co.,
OF SPRINGFIELD, MASS.
Cash Capital, \$200,000.
E. FREEMAN, Pres. WM. CONNER, Jr., Secy

Dr. J. T. OSGOOD,
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FRESH SOFTEN
Flour,
Corn,
W. I. Goods,
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Groceries.

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U. S. War Claim Agency.
Pensions, Bounties, Back Pay and
Prize Money.
Promptly obtained for Soldiers, Seamen and their heirs, by
S. WATERHOUSE,
ELLSWORTH, ME.
P. S.—ADVICE FREE. All business by mail will receive immediate attention. Terms very moderate and no charges unless successful.
S. WATERHOUSE.

HATHAWAY & LANGDON,
DEALERS IN
FLOUR AND GRAIN,
No. 186 State Street,
(Opposite 16 Long Wharf.)
GLEN HATHAWAY, 12 BOSTON.
JOHN H. LANGDON, 12 BOSTON.

THE MASON & HAMLIN
Cabinet Organs,
forty different styles, adapted to sacred and popular music, for \$50 to \$500 each. FIFTY-ONE GOLD & SILVER MEDALS, awarded them, first premiums awarded them. Illustrated Catalogue sent free. Address, MASON & HAMLIN, Boston, or MASON BROTHER, New York.

TO explain why this brief epistle, neither lucid nor interesting in itself, should

Poetry.

From The Citizen.
A Presidential Warning.
Aid—Old Ireland You're me Darling

Musha, Andie dear!
I'm dilly fear
That your chance is ashlep—can you wake it?
For the Faynian vote
Seward gripped by the throat
An' clene out of his boots did shake it!

The gallant O'Nale
He did imple
The wrong side of the Canada borders;
An' the Faynians wot shopped
An' their rations wot lopped
Under Grant's imperative orders.

Faix! Seward and Speed—
Who detyet you indeed—
May well choke wid' malicious laughter;
For while this is the deed
Of Bill Seward an' Speed
It is Johnson the Faynians are after.

Sind Seward away
Clene across the say,
To them English he loves so dearly;
An' that you are for Pat—
If you'll only do that—
The Faynians will recognize clearly!

But in case you don't,
Or you can't, or won't—
Though they like you, an' like your notions—
The Faynians, I fear,
May start off right here
To the Radical poppy devotions;

An' then Seward and Speed,
Who detyet you indeed—
May well choke wid' malicious laughter;
For while this is the deed
Of Bill Seward an' Speed
It is Johnson the Faynians are after!

I am for you, my boy!
An' if you're for Pat—
Till a certain warm rayon is frozen;
An' it's my friendship firm
Cold proofing your term,
Faix! Or you can't, or won't—

But there Faynians grand
Are a hot headed band,
An' they think they wot shopped unfairly;
An' if you'll only do
To out vote their will,
Och, their votes will be cast mighty quarely!

An' then Seward an' Speed,
Who detyet you indeed—
Their malice may shlep wid' laughter—
For while this is the deed
Of Bill Seward and Speed
It is Johnson the Faynians are after!

MISS O'BRIEN,
(Late Private 47th Reg. N. Y. Vol. Infy.)

Miscellaneous.
From Beattie's Monthly.

The Dead Letter.
CHAPTER I.
THE LETTER.

I paused suddenly in my work. Over a year's experience in the Dead Letter office had given a mechanical rapidity to my movements in opening, noting and classifying the contents of the bundles before me; and so from there being anything exciting to the curiosity, or interesting to the mind, in the employment, it was of the most monotonous character.

Young ladies whose love-letters have gone astray, evil men whose plans have been confided in writing to their confederates, may feel but little apprehension of the prying eyes of our department; nothing attracts it but objects of material value—sentiment is below par; it gives attention only to such tangible interests as are represented by bank-bills, gold pieces, checks, jewelry, miniatures, etc. Occasionally a grave clerk smiles sardonically at the ridiculous character of some of the articles which come to light; sometimes, perhaps, looks thoughtfully for a moment at a withered rosebud, or bunch of pressed violets, a homely little pin-cushion, or a book-mark wishing it had reached its destination. I cannot answer for other employees, who may not have even this amount of heart and imagination to invest in the dull business of a Government office; but when I was in the Department I was guilty, at intervals of such folly—yet I passed for the coldest, most cynical man of them all.

The letter which I held in my paralyzed fingers when they had so abruptly ceased their dexterous movements was contained in a closely sealed envelope, yellowed by time, and directed in a peculiar hand to "John Owen, Peckskill, New York," and the date on the stamp was "October 18th, 1857," making the letter two years old—I knew not what magnetism passed from it, as the spiritualists say, *en rapport* with it; I had not yet cut the lappet; and the only thing I could fix upon as the cause of my attraction was that at the date indicated on the envelope, I had been a resident of Blankville, twenty miles from Peckskill—and something about that date!

Yet, this was no excuse for my agitation; I was not of an inquisitive disposition; nor did "John Owen" belong to the circle of my acquaintance. I sat there with such a strange expression upon my face, that one of my fellows, remarking my mood, exclaimed jestingly:

"What is it, Radfield? A check for a hundred thousand?"

"I'm sure I don't know; I haven't opened it," I answered, at random; and at this I cut the wrapper, impelled by some strangely defined, irresistible influence to read the time-stained sheet inclosed—

It ran in this wise:

"DEAR SIR—It's too bad too disappointing, you could not execute your order, as everything concerned will discover. What a charming day!—good for taking a picture. That old friend I introduced you to won't tell tales and you had not better bother yourself to visit him. The next time you find yourself in his arms, don't feel in his left hand pocket for the broken tooth-pick which I lent him. He is welcome to it. If you're at the place of payment I shall be there, not having fulfilled the order, and having given up my emigration project much against my will; so govern yourself accordingly. Sorry your prospects are so poor, and believe me, with the greatest possible esteem,

Your disappointed

NEGOTIATOR.

To explain why this brief epistle, neither lucid nor interesting in itself, should

just then the thrill of the locomotive pierced the silence with more than usual power, as the evening train swept around the curve of the hill not a quarter of a mile away, and rushed on into the depot in the lower part of the village.

There is something unearthly in the scream of the "steam-certain," especially when heard at night. He seems like a sentient thing, with a will of his own, unheeding and irresistible; and his cry is threatening and defiant. This night it rose upon the storm prolonged and doleful. I know not how it sounded to the others, but to me, whose imagination was already wrought upon by the tempest and by the presence of the woman I hopelessly loved, it came with an effect perfectly overwhelming; it filled the air, even the perfumed, lighted air of the parlor, full of a dismal wail. It threatened—I know not what.

It warned against some strange, unseen disaster. Then it sunk into a hopeless cry, so full of mortal anguish, that I involuntarily put my fingers to my ears. Perhaps James felt something of the same thing, for he started from the piazza-stool, walked twice or thrice across the floor, then flung himself again upon the sofa, and for a long time with his eyes shaded, neither speaking nor stirring.

Eleanor, with maiden artifice, took up a book, and composed herself to pretend to read; she would not have her lover to know that she had been so restless while waiting his coming. Only Mary flattered about like a humming-bird, diving into the sweets of things, the music, the flowers, whatever had honey in it; and teasing me in the intervals.

I have said that I loved Eleanor. I did, secretly, in silence and regret, against my judgment and will, and because I could not help it. I was not certain that James loved her also, and I felt sorry for him; sympathy was taught me by my own sufferings, though I had never felt attracted toward his character. He seemed to me to be rather sullen in temper, as well as selfish; and then again I reproached myself for uncharitableness; it might have been his circumstances which rendered him morose—he was dependent upon his uncle—and his unhappiness which made him unamiable.

I loved without a particle of hope. Eleanor was engaged to a young gentleman in every way worthy of her; of fine demeanor, high social position, and undiminished moral character. As much as her many admirers may have envied Henry Moreland, she could not dislike him. To see the young couple together was to feel that there would be one of those "matches made in heaven"—in age, character, worldly circumstances, beauty and cultivation, there was a rare correspondence.

Mr. Moreland was engaged with his father in a banking business in the city of New York. They owned a summer villa in Italy, and it had been there during his weeks of summer idleness that he had made the acquaintance of Eleanor Argyle.

At this season of the year his business kept him in the city; but he was in the habit of coming out every Saturday afternoon and spending Sabbath at the house of Mr. Argyle, the marriage which was to terminate a betrothal of nearly two years being not very far away. On his nineteenth birthday which came in December Eleanor was to be married.

Another half hour passed away and the expected guest did not arrive. He usually reached the house in fifteen minutes after the arrival of the train; I could see that his betrothed was playing nervously with her watch-chain though she kept her eyes fixed upon her clock.

"Come, be a lady; I am hungry," said Mr. Argyle, coming out of the library. "I had a long ride after dinner. No use waiting, Eleanor—she won't be here to-night!" he pinched her cheek to express his sympathy for her disappointment—"a little slower didn't you see to keep the beaux away when I was a boy?"

"A little rain, papa! I never heard such a torrent in my life. It was not the storm, of course, for the world already have taken the cars before it commenced."

"To be sure! To be sure! defend your sweet, Ella, that's right! But it may have been raining down there half the day—the storm comes from that direction. James are you asleep?"

"I'll soon see," cried Mary, pulling away the hand from her cousin's face—"Why James, what is the matter?"

Her question caused us all to look at him; his face was of an ashy paleness; his eyes burning like coils of fire.

"Nothing is the matter! I've been half asleep," he answered laughing, and springing to his feet. Molly shall I have the honor?" she took his offered arm, and we went in to tea.

The sight of the well-ordered table, at the head of which Eleanor presided, the silver, the lights, the odor of the chocolate overpowering the fainter fragrance of the tea, was enough to banish thoughts of the tempest raging without, saving just enough consciousness of it to enhance the enjoyment of the luxury within.

Even Eleanor could not be held to the warmth and comfort of the hour. The tears, which at first she could hardly keep out of her proud blue eye, went back to their sources; she made an effort to be gay, and succeeded in being very charming.

I think she still hoped he had been delayed at the village; and that there would be a note for her at the post-office explaining his absence.

For once the usually kind, considerate girl was selfish. Severe as was the storm, she insisted upon sending a servant to the office; she could not be kept in suspense until Monday.

She would hardly believe his statement upon his return, that the mail had been changed and there was no message whatever.

We went back to the parlor and passed a merry evening.

A touch of electricity, a fear that she should see how deeply she was disappointed, caused Eleanor to appear in unusually high spirits. She sang whatever I asked of her; she played some delicious music; she parried the wit of others with keener and brighter repartee; the roses bloomed on her cheeks, the stars rose in her eyes. It was not an altogether happy excitement; I knew that pride and loneliness were at the bottom of it, but it made her brilliantly beautiful. I wondered what Moreland would feel to see her so lovely—I almost regretted he was not there.

James too was in an exultant mood.

It was late when we retired. I was in a state of mental activity, which kept me awake for hours after. I never heard it rain as it did that night—the water seemed to come down in solid masses, and, occasionally, the wind shook the strong mansion as if it were a child. I could not sleep.

CHAPTER II.
EVENTS OF A NIGHT.

It was late in the afternoon of a cloudy, windy autumn day, that I left the office of John Argyle, Esq., in his company, to take tea and spend the evening in his family—I was a law-student in the office, and was favored with more than ordinary kindness by him on account of a friendship which had existed between him and my deceased father. When young men, they had started out in life together, in equal circumstances; one had died early just as fortune began to smile; the other lived to continue in well earned prosperity. Mr. Argyle had never ceased to take an interest in the orphan son of his friend. He had aided my mother in giving me a collegiate education, and had taken me into his office to complete my law studies. Although I did not board at his house, I was almost like a member of the family; there was always a place for me at his table, with liberty to come and go as I pleased. This being Sunday, I was expected to go home with him, and stay over Sunday if I liked.

We quickened our steps as a few large drops were sprinkled over us out of the darkening clouds.

"It will be a rainy night," said Mr. Argyle.

"It may clear away yet," I said, looking toward a rift in the west, through which the declining sun was pouring a crimson stream. He shook his head doubtfully, and we hurried up the steps into the house to escape the threatened drenching.

Entering the parlors, we found no one but James, a nephew of Mr. Argyle, a young man of about my own age, lounging upon a sofa.

"Where are the girls?"

"They haven't descended from the heavenly zone yet," I answered, with a smile.

"Dressing themselves to death. I expect—it's Saturday evening, I remember," smiled the indulgent father, passing on into the library.

I sat down by the west window, and looked out at the coming storm. I did not like James Argyle much, nor he me; so that as much as we were thrown together, one in the house, a nephew of Mr. Argyle, a young man of about my own age, lounging upon a sofa.

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There was something awful in the storm. If I had had a touch of superstition about me I should have said that spirits were abroad.

A healthy man, of a somewhat vivid imagination, but without nervousness, unknowingly bodily fear, I was affected strangely. I shuddered in my soft bed; the wild shriek of the locomotive lingered in my ears; something besides rain seemed beating at the windows. Ah my woe! I knew afterward what it was. It was a human soul disembodied, lingering about the place on earth most dear to it. The rest of the household slept well, so far as I could judge, by its silence and deep repose.

Toward morning I fell asleep; when I awoke the rain was over; the sun shone brightly; the ground was covered with gay autumn leaves shaken down by the wind and rain; the day promised well. I shook off the impressions of the darkness, dressed myself quickly, for the breakfast bell had rung, and descending, joined the family of my host at the table. In the midst of our cheerful repast, the door bell rang. Eleanor started; she thought that her lover might have stayed at the hotel adjoining the depot on account of the rain; she crossed her mind, for a rapid blush rose to her cheeks, and she involuntarily put up a hand to the dark braids of her hair as if to give them a more graceful touch. The servant came in, saying that a man at the door wished to speak with Mr. Argyle and Mr. Redfield.

We arose and went out into the hall, closing the door of the breakfast room behind us.

"I'm very sorry—I've got bad news—I hope you won't—stammered the messenger, a servant from the hotel.

"What is it?" demanded Mr. Argyle.

"The young gentleman that comes here, Moreland's name, I believe—was found dead in the road this morning."

"Dead!"

"Yes, I want you to come down to the inquest. They've got him in a room of our house. They think it's a fit—there's no marks of anything."

The father and I looked at each other; the lips of both were quivering; we both thought of Eleanor.

"What shall I do?"

"I don't know Mr. Argyle. I have not had time to think."

"Nor I—not just yet. Sarah, tell the young ladies we have come out a short time on business—don't let any one in and we return—don't allow any one to see Miss Eleanor." By repeated exclamations, his frightened face did not promise much for her discretion.

Hastening to the hotel already surrounded by many people we found the district attorney, the coroner, and a couple of physicians had already arrived. It was their opinion that he had died from natural causes, as there was not the least evidence of violence to be seen. The face was as placid as in slumber; we could hardly believe him dead until we touched the forehead, which felt cold, saturated with rain.

"What's this?" exclaimed one, as we began to relieve the bodies of the wet garments, for the purpose of further examination. It was a stab in the back. Not a drop of blood—only a small triangular hole in the cloth, through the other clothing, showing the body.

The investigation soon revealed the nature of the death-wound; it had been given by a fine, sharp dirk or stiletto. So firm and forcible had been the blow that it had pierced the lung and struck the ribs with sufficient force to break the blade of the weapon, about three-quarters of an inch of the point of which was found in the wound. Death must have

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RYE,
 And Nothing Else,
 and from the best Rye at that.
 one of your musty, mouldy, heated stuff, but
 the
VERY BEST OF RYE
 That grows in the Cumberland Valley.
 is enough to do a man's soul good to taste it,
 and see how different it is from the strong
 fiery stuff that people use for
 Rye Whiskey.
 IT IS MADE DIFFERENT;
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MEDICINAL QUALITIES
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Pure, Genuine Article of Spirit
 to stimulate a Weak Stomach, or to give you re-
 newed health and long life, use the
EXTRACT OF RYE
 It is put up in large square bottles, which contain

C. A. RICHARDS & CO.,
99 Washington Street, Boston,
own in the glass. He is the GENERAL
AGENT, yet you can find it all over the country
the principal Drug and Grocery Stores.

DUNSTER'S
ONDON CORDIAL GIN
THE
Great Diuretic Remedy
OF THE AGE
AND
A PLEASANT BEVERAGE.
Celebrated in England for half a century.—spread-
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DISTILLED FROM
Tatted Grain and Juniper Berries,

Aromatic Seeds and Perfumed Flowers.
 Health giving and pungent with its delicious
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ACTS DIRECTLY ON THE KIDNEYS
 Removing disorder and imparting
HEALTH and VIGOR.
 EXCELLENT AS A
HOUSEHOLD MEDICINE

aged people, or those with weak constitutions find it a blessing.
Put up full strength, in all its natural purity, in large square bottles, with the name of
J. & R. DUNSTER,
LONDON,
BLOWN IN THE GLASS,

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 To be found in most all Drug and Grocery
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**THE KING
OF ALL THE BOURBONS.**

THE VENERABLE OLD OLD FORTITUDE
CROWNED WITH A GOLDEN SHEAF OF
WHEAT!
... finishing and driving away all the worthl ss de-
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PUREST; OLDEST, MILDEST,
AND
BEST BOURBON
That ever could date back to a Grain-field.

Golden Sheaf Whiskey,

PURE AND GOOD.
It is not sold everywhere where spirits are re-
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ble
Druggists, Town Agents and Grocers,
ALL OVER THE COUNTRY.

PURITY IS GUARANTEED
by the Sole Proprietors and their Agents every-
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—GO—

Now go and ask your grocer or apothecary for

you conclude to try them, and if he has not got it, tell him he is behind the times, for it is sold by all grocers and druggists who do not care so much for working off goods of their own getting as they do to give their customers what they call for and want.

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